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AMONG ENEMIES

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

There the gallows, rope and hooks;
And the hangman's beard is red;
People round and poisoned looks—
Nothing new and nothing dread!

Know it well, from fifty sources,
Laughing in your face I cry:
Would you hang me? Save your forces!
Why kill me who cannot die!

Beggars ye! who hate the tougher
Man who holds the envied lot;
True I suffer, true I suffer—
As to you—ye rot, ye rot!

I am breath, dew, all resources,
After fifty hangings; why!
Would you hang me? Save your forces!
Why kill me who cannot die!

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

The legal farce now being played at Boise, Idaho, augurs nothing good for Haywood. When one considers the unfriendly attitude of the Court and the material from which the jurors are being selected to try the accused leader of the Western Federation of Miners, one involuntarily exclaims: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" The most strenuous efforts have been made by the authorities to pack the panel with men specially selected for their dense ignorance, their narrow outlook upon life and their enmity toward the Western Federation of Miners. Mr. Richardson, one of the counsel for the defence, realizing the situation, has made the following protest to the trial judge:

"There are 6,000 votes in this county. Of this number 5,000 at least are eligible as jurors. There were 500 men in the parade at Boise on the last Labor Day.

"One hundred and sixty special talesmen have been drawn on two venires. It is a singular coincidence that only one union labor man was found in that number, and only two who actually work for daily pay. There are at least 3,000 day laborers in this county. None of them has been brought here.

"There is no reason why the laboring class, or even the union class, should not be represented on this jury. We do not ask the Sheriff to select that class, but we do believe the next venire should be more diversified."

"The Court has complete confidence in Sheriff Hodgin," replied Judge Wood. "The Court will have nothing further to say on this subject."

Even the capitalist papers, which can not be accused of sympathy with the Boise defendant, are forced to admit that the talesmen are a bunch of simpering idiots. The New York *Times,* for instance, has this to say of the stock from which the arbiters of Haywood's fate are being chosen:

"The fact of the matter is that most of the Idaho farmers have only the vaguest sort of an idea as to what a Socialist is. They seem to imagine that he is some sort of a six-legged, eight-horned animal of undefined but terrible proclivities, whose proper place would be in a museum of dangers."

One of the jurors selected to try Haywood has characterized his mental caliber by stating that he did not believe in capital punishment, except for Anarchists, whom he would hang on sight.—It is nothing short of murder

to place the fate of a human being in the hands of men so totally devoid of all sense of justice.

We repeat what we have said on previous occasions: Only energetic action on the part of organized labor will free the imprisoned leaders of the Western Federation of Miners.

* * *

Nothing enrages the bull like a red rag flashed before the animal's eyes. The red flag—symbol of the international revolutionary proletariat—has a like effect upon the pillars of our capitalist society.

The recent demonstrations, in which the red flag was carried as a warning to the masters of our Republic, have both frightened and enraged the sky-pilots, penny-a-liners and justice mongers. One of the last, by the name of Crane, has arbitrarily forbidden the red flag to be unfurled, characterizing the same as "objectionable, immoral and provocative of Anarchy."

This is highly pleasing to us. The revolutionary workmen of this country will pay no more attention to such prohibitions than do their brothers in France, Germany and Russia. The rage of the exploiters proves that the revolutionary spirit is making good progress in this Republic, in spite of the great liberties we enjoy on paper.

* * *

The *Appeal to Reason* has been indicted by the federal authorities for circulating "scurrilous, defamatory and threatening" matter. Fred D. Warren, the managing editor, has been arrested and held to await trial in November.

This is the Rooseveltian method of getting rid of "undesirable" citizens and publications. No doubt, the persecution is inspired by the mine owners, against whom the *Appeal* has been waging uncompromising war.—Censorship has ever been the handmaiden of dictators.

* * *

Thus spake Jesus to the rich man:

"Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me."

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

And thus spake Archbishop Ireland:

"The very recognition of manhood in every man makes the multitude the rulers, and the multitude tends too readily to momentary excitements. The wild Anarchist, the would-be assassin, are the public enemies of society whom to tolerate is to tolerate open sedition. An enemy, too, of public order is the workman who, refusing his own labor, deters by violence a brother workman from offering his labor, as is even in a greater degree the strong and the powerful who override the law of the land in carrying out schemes of their ambition.

"Private property, the right of every man to own and dispose of the fruits of brain and of hand, must be regarded as SACRED AND INVIOLABLE. It is the cornerstone of the social structure. Destroy it, weaken it, and you establish barbarism. Nor is private ownership to be merely for the individual himself. It is for those who are parts of himself, his children and those others whom by his own free will he chooses to make beneficiaries of the rewards of his labor of mind or of limb.

"That in the holding of private property there be inequality is a fact that is inevitable. MEN ARE NOT AND NEVER WILL BE EQUAL. Proposed Utopias which ignore the nature of men and the vital condition of human society, are an insult no less than an injury to the individual whom they fain would beguile by their will-o'-the-wisp glamor and deception."

Poor Nazarene! You were the original "undesirable citizen."

THE AMSTERDAM ANARCHIST CONFERENCE

By MAX BAGINSKI.

THE process—national as well as international—of "exterminating" us Anarchists has now been going on for several decades. Almost all "civilized" governments, republican as well as monarchical, have built high fences around their boundaries in order to keep out the dread "public danger." Whatever forms of violence human ingenuity could devise have been practiced upon the Anarchists. Russia and Spain torture them; they suffer in the prisons of France, Italy, Germany and Austria, while our free America subjects them to the tender mercies of her police hordes and deports them.

People charge us with being mere dreamers whose

ideals are purely utopian—lacking common sense and opposed to human nature. Humanity must become angelic—so we are told—before Anarchy would be feasible.

On the other hand we are pictured as veritable devils, whom only fire and brimstone will conquer.

The Anarchist Conference to be held in August at Amsterdam, Holland, will serve as ironic proof, so to speak, that the united governmental efforts have failed to "exterminate" Anarchism.

The Conference can accomplish, however, much more. The Anarchists do not believe in "binding resolutions," nor in majority decisions. We expect much, however, from voluntary co-operation, and the international exchange of ideas, opinions and experiences. The "power to resolve" does not depend upon the number of ayes and noes. It springs from the free, rational perception of things.

To the Anarchists democracy is no less a tyrant than autocracy. Indeed, the latter has but one head; democracy, however, is a thousand-headed hydra that can not be guillotined as easily as a Bourbon Louis.

Much may be resolved upon that is never carried out, while many things are accomplished without preliminary solemn resolutions. Wherever free initiative is the outgrowth of certain conditions it will prove far more effective than resolutions passed by majority vote. Nor must we forget to consider the harmful effect of obedience as compared with the ennobling, broadening results of free solidaric action.

We may, therefore, safely ignore the objection that no Conference should be held by those who do not believe in the superiority of the majority. The Conferences and Congresses of politicians have for their principal object the eradication of all free initiative. The party has decided—that settles it! A gathering of Anarchists, however, is for the very purpose of reviving and strengthening the spirit of initiative. Laws and rules are required by people who want to dominate others. That applies to party leaders, for instance, whose power is endangered when their flocks leave the beaten path and ignore established custom. The same is true of governments, as well as of all mastery founded on force

and violence: subjection and obedience to statutes and paragraphs are vital to their continued existence.

The Amsterdam Conference will not suffer from any lack of subjects requiring thought and consideration. Political action, advocated by Social Democrats, is fast losing its attraction. The proletariat of Germany and France—leading countries in the political labor movement—is now entering other fields. The French workingmen, more than those of any other country, have been loaded with the "blessings" of politics. The various government cliques, following each other in power, eagerly sought popularity with the masses, without, however, ceasing to serve as the instruments of oppression for the possessing classes,—it made no difference whether the servants of the people were labeled monarchic, moderate republican or radical republican. It is highly significant that the workmen of France have progressed further than those of any other country in the appreciation and application of the Anarchist weapons: direct action and the General Strike. The delegates to the Amsterdam Conference will not fail to draw useful lessons from past experience.

A few words in regard to the question of organization may not be amiss. In Germany some comrades are again trying the experiment of democracy. Their aim is to form a "strong organization," with the customary dues, membership lists, committees, etc. Such a plan is highly inadvisable, even from purely practical reasons. Anarchism is still persecuted by all governments in the most arbitrary manner, without either reason or limit. The killing of some crowned or uncrowned tyrant—whether or not the act be that of an Anarchist—can be governmentally exploited against the Anarchists and the incident made to serve as an excuse for an international razzia upon us. Under such conditions it were sheer absurdity for Anarchists to supply the enemy with information and material for persecution. That could easily happen, however, if we were to have statutes, by-laws and membership lists.

It does by no means follow, however, that Anarchists are opposed to organization "on principle." People of similar aims and congenial temperaments will combine in sympathetic co-operation irrespective of rules and

statutes. That is not only natural, but also very desirable. The united efforts of many self-reliant individuals will prove more effective than the activity of a solitary man. We welcome all organization based on free cooperation; indeed, on this very foundation we Anarchists build our hope for a grand future. On the other hand, we are opposed to the kind of organization which is but a multiplication of nobodies, represented by a more or less successfully masked authority.

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AN UNANSWERED LETTER

December 26, 1906.

Gen. THEO. A. BINGHAM,
Commissioner of Police,
New York City.

My dear General Bingham:—

I have your esteemed favor of December 12th, 1906, and note that you say, "There is no intention in this department to interfere, except when laws and ordinances are violated."

I do not doubt that this is your personal intention, but it has not heretofore been acted upon by your subordinates. I call your attention to specific cases.

The Manhattan Liberal Club meets at 220 East 15th Street. The Club as such has nothing to do with Anarchism. It conducts a lecture platform with opportunity for free discussion of the lecture topics. Owing to this chance for propaganda, Anarchists often attend to avail themselves of the privilege to discuss their pet hobby.

At the door liberal and radical literature is sold, and among other matter *Mother Earth,* a magazine published by Emma Goldman. I am informed that your policemen have threatened the managers of the club, who are not Anarchists, with arrest and a dispersal of their meeting if they allowed *Mother Earth* to be kept on sale there. This threat, I am told, was made specific as to all future numbers of the magazine, the prospective contents of which no policeman could know, and which, of course, cannot in advance be determined to be a

violation of any law. I am unable to find any statute or ordinance which authorized your department thus to suppress a club not composed of Anarchists, for having in its hall literature that in itself violates no law. It is precisely such police lawlessness as this which breeds Anarchists of the violent type. Had you not better inquire a bit about this lawless interference with the right of citizens by your subordinates, and thus make your expressed intention operative in the department?

A second case of police lawlessness of a similar sort arose out of the following facts. After the Haymarket killing of police in Chicago a number of Anarchists were given life sentences on conviction of complicity. Later they were pardoned by the Governor of Illinois. In the lengthy pardoning message he made an exhaustive analysis of the evidence and reached the conclusion that all these convicts were innocent of the crime charged. His conclusion was not based upon a difference of opinion with the jury or trial court as to the preponderance of the evidence, but by a careful analysis showing that there was in fact not a particle of evidence directly connecting them with the offense.

Under these circumstances the Anarchists—not without reason, be it observed—infer that the conviction was the result of popular panic over Anarchism, and that those who the Governor said were convicted without evidence, served several years of imprisonment as "martyrs for entertaining unpopular opinions." I submit that it is their right to so regard them, and publicly to express the convictions of the Governor of Illinois.

I am informed that for many years it has been the custom of Anarchists and some other organizations, here and elsewhere, to hold some sort of memorial meeting in commemoration of this alleged martyrdom. Never until this year, under your administration, have these meetings been interfered with in New York City.

This year I am informed that a line of policemen barred the entrance to the hall where it was proposed to hold this meeting. The reason assigned was simply that no meeting of Anarchists would be permitted, even for a lawful purpose. Of course, no policeman possesses the occult power of reading in advance the mind of those who were expected to deliver addresses. Without such

power of mind-reading no policeman could know in advance that any forbidden utterance would be indulged in. If your subordinates may thus with impunity and lawlessly prevent assemblages of Anarchists on suspicion, as to future events, they have the same right on like suspicion to close churches.

On two recent occasions the Brooklyn police likewise assumed to do some mind-reading and excluded persons from a hall where they came to hear a lecture. I can find nothing which makes it unlawful for any particular persons to hold meetings for purposes in themselves lawful. It seems to me that it is up to you either to find such a law, or to withdraw your statement that there is no intention to interfere except under the law, or to discipline your officious, lawless subordinates.

I can find no power in the statutes authorizing any such performance. If my information as above set forth is correct, then I do not hesitate to say that the conduct of your subordinates was as much a matter of lawlessness as the killing of Chicago policemen which is charged to Anarchists.

I submit to you, my dear Sir, that your love of fair play and your desire to preserve order should induce you to make some inquiry within your department, to the end that your men may not by their own lawless conduct provoke to violence those who may rightfully feel themselves thus wrongfully oppressed, but who are naturally peacefully disposed.

I assure you, I write only in the interest of that freedom of speech and press which I believe to be guaranteed by our Constitution, which it is your business as Police Commissioner, and my business as a member of the bar, and as attorney for the Free Speech League, to uphold.

Hoping that in my desire to be of service to you I have not allowed myself unduly to trespass upon your time by an over-long document, I remain,

Most cordially yours,

THEODORE SCHROEDER.

THE WORLD'S BEAUTIFUL FAILURES

By LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

THERE is no lack of praise for those who succeed. The whole world knows, applauds and points out as shining examples for coming generations to follow, those who have reached the object of their ambitions in any line. No one stops to consider what that success has cost—the success is the thing—the victor is the one important topic for consideration.

But I write of the failures of society, the beautiful failures who have died in obscurity and silence, leaving only a heart here and there the better and gladder for having known them. Dear, lovable, self-sacrificing failures, without whom even the successful would never have succeeded! Foundation stones of great achievements to follow! Living bridges upon whom happier beings cross to victory! How I love you and how my heart reaches out to you! I do not know your names, but I liken you to the few sweet, humble personalities who have come into my life, and names matter not. Perhaps you are among those who stepped down—myriads of you—into the river until your dead bodies formed a bridge over which more fortunate men and women passed to freedom. Perhaps, with your feet already upon the ladder, you stepped aside that a weaker brother might climb. Perhaps you counted the cost of success, and, rather than pay it, gave your soul its own and lived your own sweet, hidden life as you would. All honor to you, whoever and wherever you are!

In ancient times, when all laborers were simply slaves, there were here and there men who led revolts against the tyrants who oppressed them. They failed; for the idea of freedom was but a seedling then. But they paved the way for more effective revolts. Even Moses of inspired writings was a great failure. For though the work he undertook so ably secured him a place in that old wonderful conglomeration of history, fakism, poetry and mystery, he never did reach the promised land—he did not bring the Israelites safe into a country of their own, or establish them as a nation. Yet how the world re-

members this marvelous failure! Socrates, although his name has lasted down to the present day, was a miserable failure in life. He never had a cent to his name, he made but a poor, shiftless husband, and his last drink was a cup of cold poison. Yet how his pupils loved him!

Even Jesus Christ failed of his mission, according to what is said of him by both friends and enemies. If he aspired, as the Jews declared, to become their earthly king, he failed utterly to realize his aspirations. If he came to save the world, his most devout worshippers must acknowledge that he made a dismal failure of it, since but a handful out of earth's millions are likely to accept him and thus get into heaven. If he hoped, as some scholars claim, to establish a beautiful, brotherly, communal state of society here on earth, he failed again: since the brotherly element in his teachings died out before they were three centuries old. He succeeded, I think, as many another humble, nature-loving, unknown creature has done, in embodying a sweet, loving, simple, Christlike spirit, whose success consists simply in being. That quiet, non-resistant spirit of love, which he seemed to personify, has slowly grown and permeated the savage forces of society, until a foreshadowing of that future of freedom and universal solidarity is looming up before the world, and in this alone is that conception called Jesus Christ a success.

How many, many of the pioneers of political liberty have sorrowfully failed! Even where there have been short-lived victories, they have been drowned in seas of blood, and have been forgotten except by calumny. Only through their failures have they achieved a measure of success; they were cut off in their first enthusiasm for liberty, while yet sincere, uncorrupted, devoted and single-hearted, yet believing in the purity of their work. Had they lived and continued in their supremacy, they too would have become tyrannical, and other revolutionists would have been sacrificed to the cause of liberty against them.

Genius, it is conceded, seldom achieves success during the lifetime of its personality. How many great men have toiled in penury and want, through all their lives, striving to perfect some idea, or having perfected it, striving for recognition from the busy, unsympathetic world.

For the greatest men, those endowed with the best brains, and highest gifts, are not usually best fitted to fight their way in the commercial field and "make money" out of their own abilities. So they have died, conscious only of failure, but upon the broken fragments of their efforts others have built and attained success. How many millions of failures there are among the common toilers of earth: "They who finger Death at their glove's end" and who "feed him hungry behind their fires," who never know anything of the sweetness of life because of toil, privation, danger, dreariness and monotony throughout the whole of their existence. Yet they have made the world rich in the goods that make the lives of "Mary's sons" beautiful.*

And among those who in later days have taken up the cause of human freedom, are many failures as far as riches, influence and high position go. But what beautiful failures, and how lovable! Look at our own Louise Michel! Poor, homely, shabby, never even comfortable, she spent her whole life working for others, and died without having really achieved a single task that she had set her heart upon, without a dollar laid up, without an honor paid her by the powers that be. She had seen all her hopes and dreams of a better state of society fall in a chaos of blood and vengeance, yet she never ceased to hope and dream and work. To-day thousands revere and bless her name, and no woman was ever more dearly loved by those who had the fortune to know her personally.

John Brown was a case of splendid failure. Who was ever more maligned, humiliated and persecuted? He was a rebel, a violent, seditious character, a breeder of disturbances, and they finally hanged him—the most ignominous death they could inflict.

He had loved his fellow beings too well, and he tried to free them from an intolerable slavery. He failed, and they killed him. And yet, "His soul goes marching on," and there is no one now who would deny his self-sacrificing and lovable devotion.

And in the same sense were our martyrs of '87 fail-

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*At this late date, Rudyard Kipling has remembered to recognize labor in a splendid poem called "Martha's Sons."

ures. They never acquired property—they had no time to make money—they had never attained high honors or influential friends, the beautiful things of life had been denied them because of poverty, the lack of success in business. They cherished the highest ideals for humanity, and—they failed in seeing them realized. Yet, their lives were beautiful and their deaths sublime. The world leaped ahead several generations toward the final goal of liberty and justice, because of their "unsuccessful lives."

And ah! the many, many, silent, unknown, unobtrusive failures that we have among us to-day! In the sense that the average writer speaks of success, they are the worst of failures. They are plain, plodding, hard-working people, they live poorly, but few know them, and they are not likely to achieve results of any kind important to the world. But they are sweet and lovable spirits, true to themselves and their ideals, and, as far as circumstances will permit, they are free.

Thirty years ago, in Chicago, the radicals were few, and poor and very devoted. They were persecuted, lied about and ridiculed. They preached to the people on the street corners, or on vacant lots, or in little back rooms behind saloons because they were cheap. They walked miles after their day's work was done (to save carfare) to go to some meeting at which they spoke, and then put their hands in their pockets for the few cents they had there to pay the rent. At that time, none of them thought of trying to get rich. If they could "keep a job" and make a bare living it was as much as they hoped for. They failed in all that makes Rockefeller or Carnegie successful men, and they could see in those days no direct results from their work and devotion. But they were pioneers, and their labors prepared the ground for the seed afterward sown which has already resulted in the broad, radical, progressive thought which prevails in that city to-day.

After a while, many in that little group began to think it scarcely worth while to be so self-sacrificing and devoted. They began to think they could look out for their own interests and work for liberty too. Or, that they could "get rich," and then be in a better position to help the cause along. Perhaps they were right, as it is

generally conceded that a "poor devil," one who has been a failure at everything else, can do little to advance the cause of human liberty, or any other cause. And so, to-day, out of that old group, one is a successful lawyer and real estate owner, another holds a political position which pays him well and gives him considerable influence, another is a popular and wealthy physician, and one is a succesful journalist and writer. Some of them are dead, dead and nearly forgotten. But one or two of them forgot, in their enthusiasm for a cause, to look out for their own welfare, and all at once they looked around to find themselves almost alone, outstripped by even their old companions, old age creeping on and poverty and obscurity their portion. Yet they were brave and able and true; they have been industrious and upright; they have served their industrial bosses well, and according to Elbert Hubbard should have been received with open arms by capitalist employers as "angels of light." Rather than that, they are likely to be displaced by younger and more sprightly men.

Yet, these old workers have every quality that wins love and sympathy from those who know them well. They have preserved the very characteristics which almost invariably are sacrificed by those who rise to the top and give the price which buys success. To obtain great wealth, one must kill all generous impulses, the sense of equity and justice, the deep human sympathy with one's kind. To become famous, either in war or commerce, is to make one's self heartless and cruel; to win honor by some great invention, is to take to one's self the credit of what has been done by a thousand failures before. You may have one chance in a hundred to become successful and great by achievement in literary or artistic fields, without sacrificing your soul's integrity and freedom—but, barely that.

By the world's criterion, you are only successful if you accumulate great wealth, pile up the products of thousands of toilers under your own private control, or in some way win the approval of governments, of authority, of established institutions. To become thus successful, you must be unjust, tyrannical, narrow, or tricky, fawning, hypocritical, slavish. Is it worth while? Is it not better to keep out of the struggle, be true to yourself,

live your own free, simple life, to expand and develop all the sweet, social instincts of your being, even though it be in obscurity and poverty? Or even if it lead to ignominy, persecution and death? For the day will come when even the world will grow wise and cry aloud, "God bless our beautiful failures!"

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THE INDIAN

By GEORGE E. BOWEN.

IN the destructive advance of new civilizations still am I an Indian.

Neither dead, nor yet choked with fear, nor with submission.

The sunshine, the storm, the far reaches of treeless plain, the majesty of the eternal hills, the bird song and the joy of living waters, the glory of sunlit day and the serenity of starry night, the beauty and sadness of the passing seasons—*all are mine.*

As I knew them in the fellowship of forgotten ages, they shall proclaim me comrade forever.

Before piracy, or protected privileges of plunder, my hospitality was open to the world, my honor hid not stealthily away in the two-faced mystery of "majestic," written laws, nor in the "sacred" security of barred and bolted treasuries.

Oh, untrammeled, generous Nature! Keeper of my soul, guardian of my heart's secrets, my guide, my refuge, my redeemer,—hold me in distance and in dignity from this commercial, cowardly Thing that pursues me in the name of civilization!

The shelter of your storms is safer than the poisoned, perfidious bounty of the usurper.

I scorn the charity of his jeweled, blood-stained hand. Better the starvings of your famine than the banquets of his dishonor.

The wild beasts of my stately forests knew not the vicious cunning, nor the monstrous brutality infesting the jungles of the white man's city.

In the love of simple things to sustain my perfect strength, to feed my soul's hunger, to arm my unchained

courage for its sweet or serious duties, still proudly am I an Indian.

Shall I forget my feathers, or my beads, or the fantastic, fearless beauty of my painted original splendor? Shall you, captains of civilization and prophets of empire, forget your lacings and your pitiful plumage, your brass-dipped baubles and your drug store complexions, your stolen, disfiguring fashions and your pathetic imitations?

Yet I censure not—undisturbed, I leave you to your own devices, deceptions and corruptions. My service is to the reality of life, to the achievements of its greatness, its grandeur, its truth, its perfection. Growth is before me.

Your waste is intolerable, your waste of energy, of purpose, of manhood. I am satisfied to make sacred the common things of life, rather than destroy my soul before your vanities and your vicarious virtues.

You have come teaching me pride and perseverance and preference—likewise patience. Have come teaching me, an Indian. Rather have I discovered your perversity. your prostitution, your trickery, injustice and ingratitude.

Back of history my fathers' fathers counted pride in deeds, not dollars—deeds of valor, of integrity, of sacrifice, of fortitude, of splendid sentiment.

One day you came with perseverance, a gun, a flask of fire water, and some cheap calico. A brave outfit, a courageous combination. The buffalo was my friend, my comrade. Your rifle and your wanton perseverance annihilated and put him away from me forever.

The blessings of your bottle (with perseverance) burned out the conscience and the courage of the red man, and your cheap calico (with more perseverance, and many perversions of the truth) persuaded him that land titles are trash and sovereignty a snare and a sham. But the truth of this reasoning was not intended.

So all things are wrought with perseverance and purpose—even the emancipation of an Indian from his misfortunes. Patience has he not worn with fortitude—almost sublimely, as a spell woven of your sinister arts? And ingratitude has he returned with ingratitude?

But these are questions.

Alas! The Indian himself is a question. And you have *not* answered.

Then there was preference—for many things. For reservations—out of my vast estates—for styles of shoes, for shirts, for suspenders, for the shame of ignorance or the blessing of education.

Have I not named my preferences?

Yet you have preferred to despoil, debauch and destroy me, that, reverencing your power, I might manfully save myself.

Your crafty cunning can not read my stoic resolve—so blind you are with the bigotry of greed and of supremacy.

Do I wear lightly your harness of civilization? I do not care for its sores, its chokings, its restraints, its smart pretense. With it I shall drag or drive my destiny to freedom. I scorn your silly superstitions, your slavery, your servility, your seven-fold shame.

The spirit of departed tribes stirs my blood and lifts my vision to nobler things—the things of an Indian. Like Cæsar, you may not be there. You may not come within the joy of my victory. Yet I can accept it alone—as I have lived alone.

Keep your commerce, your petty politics, your coarse corruptions of social service and of the state.

Keep your gold, your greasy glory of gain, your gnawing greed.

Come back! When your forces are spent, your conscience racked, your honor and your happines wasted in the riot and revelry and reactions of your mocking civilization.

Come back, and learn of confidence, of fairness and of forgiveness the way of peace, the art of happiness, the beauty of life.

Of me, an Indian.

CHATTEL AND WAGE SLAVERY

By A. T. HEIST.

EVEN the habitual liar sometimes finds it advantageous to tell the truth, and the blindest fanatic sometimes sees the truth which antagonizes his financial interests. Where ancient prejudices and delusive hopes induce self-deception, man will emotionally discredit even the most logical of statements, if they come from those by whom he has been seduced into mistrusting.

It follows that to the average person even a most logical statement carries more convincing power when it comes from those who have some apparent motive for concealing the fact or for being blind to its existence.

For these reasons I think it worth while to republish here a statement affirming the practical identity of our past African slavery and our present wage-slavery.

In the beginning of our late anti-slavery agitation it was proposed by the slave-holders to exclude from the mails all Abolitionist literature, as we now exclude "obscene" literature. The United States Senate appointed a special committee to investigate the subject and especially to inquire if Congress had the power to exclude incendiary ideas from the post office. This committee, with the Hon. John C. Calhoun at its head, reported that in its opinion no such power existed. The report incidentally informs the country that chattel slavery is not so bad and, in fact, not essentially different from the prevailing wage slavery.

It is this statement, coming from some of the most conservative members of that most conservative body, the United States Senate, that I will now reproduce from a report there made on February 4, 1836.

The report in part reads as follows:

"The sober and considerate portions of citizens of non-slave-holding States, who have a *deep stake* in the existing institutions of the country, would have little forecast not to see that the assaults, which are now directed against the institutions [slavery] of the Southern States, may be easily directed against those which uphold their own prop-

erty and security. A very *slight modification* of the arguments used against the institutions which sustain the property [slaves] and security of the South [against slaves] would make them equally effectual against the institutions of the North, including Banking, in which so vast an amount of its property and capital is invested.

"It would be well for those interested to reflect whether there now exists, or ever has existed, a wealthy civilized community in which *one portion did not live on the labor of another,* and whether *the form* in which slavery exists in the South is not *but one modification* of this universal condition; and, finally, whether any other, under all the circumstances of the case, is more defensible or stands on stronger ground of necessity. It is time to look these questions in the face.

"Let those who are interested remember that labor is the only source of wealth, and how small a portion of it, in all old and civilized countries, even the best governed, is left to those by whose labor wealth is created.

"Let them [the interested, the rich, who live on the labor of other men] also reflect how little volition or agency the operatives [the laboring men] in any country have in the question of the distribution of wealth; as little, with a few exceptions, as the African, of the slave-holding States has in the distribution of the proceeds of his labor.

"Nor is it less oppressive," adds the Committee, "that, in the one case, it [the 'keeping back of the hire of the laborers'] is effected by the stern and powerful will of the government; and, in the other, by the more feeble and flexible will of the master. If one be an evil, so is the other. The only difference is the amount and mode of the exaction and the distribution, and the agency by which they are effective."

If this shall get into the hands of any conservative workingman, I again beg him to remember that this is the statement, not of a trade union walking delegate, not of an agitator, nor a demagogue. It is not even the statement of a senatorial "radical," nor even of a Socialist, nor an Anarchist. It is the deliberate opinion of a committee of United States Senators.

You laborers, think it over and see if it isn't true that you are just as truly a set of plundered slaves as were

the negroes of our Southern States. Then ask yourselves what you are going to do to emancipate yourself from the legalized robbery of our present political and economic systems. May be even Anarchism wouldn't be quite so bad for you. Think it over. . . .

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A RAILWAY EPISODE

By JOHN FRANKLYN PHILLIPS.

ONE typical winter afternoon I was riding in a parlor car—from where to where is immaterial. I had been on the train a little over an hour, and at the last stop all the passengers had left my end of the car, except a young man who occupied the next chair to mine. Weary of gazing out of the window, I had just commenced the concluding chapter of "The Jungle," when I heard a voice say:

"Do you like Sinclair?"

"Yes," I answered abstractedly, "I consider 'The Jungle' the greatest literary work ever produced by an American. I——." The train was rumbling over a small bridge, and as I raised my eyes I found the young man looking earnestly at me. I must have shown my embarrassment, for he said:

"Of course we have not been introduced, but I think our tastes and views are somewhat akin, so it does not matter. I, too, appreciate the genius of Sinclair. 'The Jungle' is the work of an artist-philosopher. No improbabilities and absence of ideas, which we meet with in Dickens; no individuals without wills of their own, that Shakespeare portrays. Are you a Socialist?"

I had read the "Communist Manifesto," glanced through "Capital," and carefully studied the "Fabian Essays," and considered myself fairly familiar with Scientific Socialism.

"Yes," I replied, "but being a woman I fear I do little for the cause, although three of my men friends say I have converted them."

"Good! you are a comrade then. And how do you em-

ploy your time? From your appearance I discern you are not a wage earner." Without thinking at the time of the singularity of the question coming from an absolute stranger, I answered:

"Oh, I am essaying dramas."

"An excellent occupation. What kind?"

"I am afraid an inferior kind compared with the productions of Henrik Ibsen, who is my favorite dramatist. My attempts are not unlike Charles Klein's: a little realistic romance touching on the economic question."

"I see," he said smiling, "the innate feminine craving for romance. . . . I am glad you like Ibsen, the great Anarchistic playwright who first gave us the modern realistic drama. His productions are an admirable source of inspiration to draw from. . . . And," he continued, "what do you think of that 'brilliant but shallow satirist,' that 'insincere cynic,' Bernard Shaw?"

I knew little of Shaw except that I had seen one of his comedies and had read the conventional criticisms in the daily newspapers, so I replied:

"I believe he is more or less as you describe him, although I have seen only one of his plays."

"Which one?"

"Man and Superman."

"Yes, I know it is liable to leave the popular impression of the author which I mimicked, especially as the third act is left out; but the truth is, Shaw is so deep that he overtaxes the average intellect. The playgoers are blinded by his brilliancy and therefore unable to see his philosophy. In some respects, Shaw is even greater than Ibsen, as he has constructive ideas, while the older playwright could only artistically pen-paint the human soul in motion. Now, if I only had time some evening to thoroughly explain Shaw to you, you would undoubtedly recognize his merit and derive much pleasure plus profit from the old Socialist. May be you are better acquainted with Nietzsche?"

I confessed I knew him only by name.

"That is unfortunate," continued my companion, "or rather fortunate, as you have much satisfaction before you. You will find Shaw and Nietzsche come to similar

conclusions. Both have realized the irretrievable defects of humankind; the illusion of universal happiness; the existence of the 'will to live' with its blundering actions—and yet progressive intent. . . . Both have conceived of a race of Better People than the human race with its poverty, disease and crime. And to revolutionize conditions so that these Superior People shall evolve, these Supermen and Superwomen who shall be 'beyond good and evil,' is the aim of the Irish dramatist and was the work of the German philosopher while he lived."

He leaned back in his chair, completely absorbed in thought, as if he were considering some technical objection, and I was very glad that he had forgotten my presence, for, had I been expected to answer, I should not have known what to say. His talk on Shaw and Nietzsche was very strange to me. "The illusion of universal happiness," "to revolutionize conditions so that these Superior People shall evolve," "beyond good and evil"—truly I was in a mental quandary, and I had always imagined that I belonged to the advanced school of liberal thought. . . . Then I began to wonder: who, and what, is this young man? His conversation is more than interesting, although I cannot follow his ideas. He goes too quickly for me. If we should become better acquainted, and he would, as he suggested, more fully explain, I'm sure I could understand him. There seems to be something awful and—and good, in his objection to "human" aspiration. The train was slowing down to stop at a station. The young man got up, put on his overcoat unassisted by the porter, deliberately adjusted his hat and left the car.

I experienced an indescribable sensation. I think it was half fear, half regret. Was he gone? Had he left me? No, that couldn't be—he had not even said good-bye. We must become better acquainted, *he* must explain. . . . And how could I travel alone—without *him?* I seemed no longer to be an individual. I felt as if I were only a part of an entity, and that *he* was taking *something* away from me. I got up and hastily went to the car platform. The train was in motion again—no one was in sight. . . . I sadly walked back to my chair, into which I wearily sank and THOUGHT.

STOP-GAP CHARITY

By BOLTON HALL.

IT is estimated that fifteen million dollars is expended annually upon the charity work of New York. This is outside of the State and city appropriations. A careful calculation shows that there are about ten thousand persons who support our organized charities. That is to say, there are ten thousand persons who may be called "the charitable," and who give an average of one thousand five hundred dollars apiece annually.

When we consider that there are some New Yorkers who could afford to give the whole sum, and when we look at the long rows of brown-stone houses owned by men, hardly any of whom are real producers in any true sense of the word, think of the heavy expense of a "brown-stone family" in New York, which cannot be less than ten thousand dollars a year and often reaches one hundred thousand dollars, I think you will agree that we are not a charitable community.

But the rich are not the real givers of real charity. Some cynical clergyman has said that no man ever became poor by giving. He meant no rich man. The poor do not put their names upon subscription lists, but they do help each other, and they do give to an extent which puts those who are most occupied with philanthropic work to shame. And this last charity, the giving to those whom we know and for whom we care, is, I believe, the only charity that does not do more visible harm than possible good.

Let us look at a few of the samples of our systematic charities, beginning with the Fresh Air Fund, to which most of us, I fear, contribute; if you will look at the condition of the poor children of this city, I do not think you can possibly conclude that their comfort, their health, or their happiness has appreciably increased within the last ten years, since this charity became important. But even if it had a real effect in improving the health of the children, it would but increase the population, the value of land, and competition, and lower wages, and raise rents. Nor is there any logical limit

to it. Why should we stop at giving the children fresh-air excursions? Why not the little mothers? Why not the shop girls? Why not the hard-working mechanics? And why should we limit it to two weeks? It is one of those things which are never finished, and never can be finished, and of which the most liberal community could never say it has done enough.

Neither would emigration help, although it would temporarily lessen the population, for it would be only to create new centers, where population would quickly grow again.

Model tenements, such as the Tenement House Law approves, are a favorite device for "improving the condition of the poor." But if the more desirable habitations attract more people to the cities, they are distinctly an evil, and they unquestionably tend to raise the value of the land surrounding them and, correspondingly, the rents.

The fact is that whatever aid of an elemosynary kind can be counted upon, it will reduce the rate of wages. Because where two men must bid for one job, he will get it who, other things being equal, can work the cheapest, and he will work the cheapest who is less provident and who avails himself most fully of charitable aid. The Poor Law experience of England proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Whatever charity is occasional can but pauperize the recipient. "Then," says some one, "we may establish hospitals, so that at least the sick may be taken care of."

To me it seems that it would be better to abolish the conditions which make them sick. Anyone who has ever tried to get a patient into a hospital knows the necessary red tape that must be gone through, a requirement which is due to the fact that the hospitals cannot possibly accommodate even a percentage of those who are sick and in need. They are in every section of the city, they are all overcrowded. And still we are asked for additional contributions.

We have organizations for finding employment for discharged convicts. Under present conditions, they can only give one man employment by taking away the work of another, and it seems hard that the one so deprived should be an honest man, in favor of a criminal.

That is just like our free classes, where we teach women to do men's work and thereby reduce men's wages. For when there is competition, women, who almost always have some one who will help in their support, can afford to work at a lower rate than men. Even now, in the Sweating inquiry, we have complaints of philanthropic institutions, by the aid of which the charitable do piece work at rates upon which a sewing woman cannot live.

It is not possible in the space of this article to give even the leading objections to such work. If any are sufficiently interested to send their names to me, I would be glad to send them a more exhaustive paper upon the subject.

We have a lot of Fairs, Bazaars, Charity Balls, to call which "Charity" is an insult to common sense. They are attempts to cozen the miserly or the spendthrift out of money which they will not give for the sake of giving.

Prof. Richard T. Ely says that he sees the disadvantages of charities and has grave doubts of their benefits, but he asks what are we to do with those who are actually in need of food? The most efficient and cheapest of all relief is to allow them to cultivate the vacant lots near the cities. This is being done in about thirty cities. The experience heretofore has been that the money advanced to these people for seed, brings forth, the least of it, ten, some twenty and some an hundred fold. For those who cannot afford to await the crop it is easy to do, as the New York Committee is doing, pay them five or seven cents an hour and let them have an interest of half the crop when sold.

But as all our people cannot be so accommodated, and as the relief we give them secures them but a little better living, we must look for a more radical remedy. We must put them in the way to acquire *wealth*. We must put them in such surroundings as to induce them to acquire *wealth*. What is *wealth?* Any desirable product of land and labor and capital is but accumulated wealth. So that capital also comes directly from the land and labor. On the way here you passed over acres and miles of good land vacant, unfenced, untilled, but owned. Lands upon which countless thousands of the poor and miserable and unhappy in America could find sustenance, health and happiness. Why do they not do it?

Because the moment they begin to work the land, the owner comes, if indeed he permits them to work at all, and demands a part of the produce as rent, because those fields and lots, which ought to be covered with small factories, market gardens and farms, in which men ought to dig and mine and quarry and sow, are shut out from him and rendered unavailable for the employment of labor by the land speculator.

We must get this land back into use. It is far easier to get the land back to the people than the people back to the land, and there is a simple, practicable and just method of accomplishing it.

Let all the taxes for cities, State and national purposes be raised upon the rental value of land, exclusive of improvements. Let us cease to raise taxes on whatever improves our lot or our house or our farm, and let us raise them upon those who have valuable mines or coal shafts, or water powers or valuable business sites, or other natural advantages, whether they be used or half used or not used at all. That is the simple program. The Single Taxers at least know what they want and they know how to get it. We mean, by continual agitation and by legislative action, to abolish taxes on capital, on property, and on persons, one by one as opportunity offers. We mean to have the taxes increased upon land values in accordance with the present law of the State, until they are assessed at their full value.

We hear much about the union of reform forces. Here is a reform which, though it is not very pure Anarchy, can be accomplished without interfering with any other reform.*

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Don't ask f'r rights. Take thim. An' don't let anyone give thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' the matter with it. It's more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out.—Mr. Dooly.

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* We wish the Single Taxers all success; but to accomplish their reforms by legislative action seems to us a Danaidean task.—ED.

LITTLE ALBERT'S PUNISHMENT

(Translated from the Jewish of Liebin.)

ALBERT is nine years old. He is little, thin, and pale. There was no place for him in school, so he has to stay at home. Very likely the hand of an overseeing Providence is in that, since Albert's being at home has been of much use.

Albert's father is a button-hole maker, but he will soon have forgotten all about his trade, for he has been out of a job for a long, long time. Day in and day out he goes about looking for work, drags himself around from morning till night, but—may the like not happen to you—no work is to be heard of. He is as blue as indigo, and life has no pleasure for him.

Albert's mother is a wage-earner; she takes in washing, and gets something like dry bread for it. Woman's wages.

Albert has, besides, a little sister, Emma. She is not a year old yet, and when she wants something to eat, or when she is cold, she screams for all she is worth. Albert is very fond of his little sister, and whenever he has a minute to spare he plays with her, kisses her, and warms her little hands in his mouth, for they are always blue and cold. In the evening Albert sells papers, and in the morning he goes out and gathers up coal and wood for the family.

Every morning, since the cold winter came on, Albert goes out with a basket on his arm. He goes around in the streets, his eyes fixed on the ground, and when he finds a bit of coal or a piece of wood, he picks it up: often, very often, little Emma is freezing, waiting for Albert's basket.

When Albert finds a coal wagon being unloaded, he reckons that as his good luck. He always waits till they finish chuting the coal, then goes up with his basket, and generally manages to gather several pieces at once.

Albert comes home completely used up; but his mamma kisses him, makes a fire; he sits down by the stove with little Emma and is happy.

Albert's last trip, however, was very, very unsuccess-

ful. It was a cold, cold winter day. Though the sun shone, the frost mocked at it; he was king, and he bit and cut with the edge of death.

The mother would perhaps not have allowed Albert to go out in such a frost to pick coal, but little Emma was rather sick. She hiccoughed and shivered like a leaf, and it was very cold in the house. Though there was a little coal, it was too little to heat the room; nor was there any money to buy more. So the poor mother dressed her good little son in a mass of rags and sent him out with his basket.

Albert went out into the street.

The cold pierced through the rags, and embraced him with its bitter caress; every limb began to shiver; nevertheless he congratulated himself; for several times he met wagons, one after the other, chuting coal, and at every such meeting he made out not so badly. His fingers and toes began to sting bitterly, and he had already started to run home, carrying with him a "good bit" of coal. Oh, how cold he was! He felt that he was freezing; but just then his eyes caught sight of another wagon. The coal would soon be unloaded, and he need not wait long. He stopped and stood still, knocking one foot against the other.

The coal was in. Albert went straightway up with his basket, and began to pick up the bits of coal that were lying about. Suddenly some one gave him a hard kick. The frightened boy sprang up, trembling. Near him stood a big, coal-blackened Italian driver, shouting something at him.

Albert wanted to run, but the coal-man caught hold of him, pulled the basket of coal out of his hand, threw the coal out of it, and flung it half a block away. The child's heart gave a spasm of pain, and his eyes ran over with tears. He picked up the basket, made a face at the angry Italian from a safe distance, and went home crying: "Oh, little Emma will freeze."

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

Previously acknowledged	$376.36
Mrs. Ely, San Francisco	5.00
Mr. Teltch, San Francisco	2.00
Mr. Glochovsky, San Francisco	3.00
Proceeds from various Emma Goldman meetings in San Francisco*	101.55
Gruppe "Freiheit," Paterson, N. J.	5.00
Total	$492.91

*The itemized San Francisco account is as follows:

Receipts.

Collected by Rose Fritz for E. G.'s coming to S. F.	$63.50
E. G. Meetings and Social of Liberty Club	74.55
E. G. Meeting, Socialist Local	12.00
Arbeiter Ring Meeting	6.50
	$156.55

Expenses.

Trip to San Francisco	$35.00	
Expenses in S. F.	20.00	
	$55.00	$55.00
Net proceeds		$101.55

BOOKS RECEIVED

L'Amour Libre. Madeleine Vernet. Editions de l'Anarchie. Paris.

Mutterschutz und Liebesfreiheit. Pierre Ramus. Communistische Verlags-Anstalt. Berlin.

Concentration: The Road to Success. H. H. Brown. The Balance Publish. Co. Denver.

On the Eve. Leopold Kampf. International Library Publish. Co. New York.

NOTE.—All those who have received Tickets from Comrade Emma Goldman are urgently requested to make an account before the 20th instant.

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